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45 Goodman Building,
Memphis, Tenn.

Feb. 20, 1919.

Milton N. Y.

Thursday. —

Dear Lore: —

Received no letter to-day when I called over, and I can hardly describe to you my disappointment. Quite regularly it has been coming in the mail & I cannot not believe the Gentleman when he told me it was not in the batch. I hope to get it on the next mail; but dear, they do mail it about the same time each day, will you? And honey, never in order to write a long letter, post it after collection, as you thought of doing Sunday, as it is bad enough to get only a few words but heavens! it is certainly a mile worse when you get nothing at all.

Well honey, I went over to Ray's last night. They were, of course all asking about you — not that anyone has to ask me to talk about you — oh no, indeed!

They were pleased to know you are getting on so nicely. I send them best regards. Helen is a dear. I bit her on the cheek and she took it like a good sport. I found at me with her big eyes and then up went her hands and out went the feet and she was all smiles. You would think she was swimming to see her work her hands and feet. While there May bathe her. Honey, I just wish you could have seen her, then! We sat her up in the tub and with her tiny little hands she grasped hold of the edge of the basin to hold herself up. Honestly I never saw a baby so pretty and clever. She is so good now, too. I'll take a run up next week again.

Well, dear, I do wish I had your letter! Am so anxious to know how you are feeling, what you are doing, and — if you still love me. Perhaps dear, that is why I didn't receive any mail — You don't love me anymore. Write dear, and tell me just how much you do. For that makes me extremely happy.

Yesterday while going over to Ray's I passed a flowers shop. Felt it meant a salve to buy some flowers — and I thought to myself — Flowers + wednesday night — that in itself told its story — and over me — only for a second, dear, — I soon braced up — came the most lonely and longing feeling. The evening was so ideal as to weather conditions, that it seemed to me, that there were nothing but happy couples out for strolls. And, dear, that is just what we should have been doing, were we only together. But, hence, all that will soon come,

count it? I thought of that, and was very, very happy to know it was in store for us — soon.

In your uncle's letter he mentions a Baby Bunny. Whose baby is it lately? I have never heard him mentioned or talked of before.

To-morrow is Friday, & I shall take a run up to your mother's house. Saturday is a holiday and Sunday I am off. Nothing to do until to-morrow — fast — time quick.

I shall close previous with all my love hugs & kisses, and with expectations to hear from you later. If I dare! — Well, I can't think of any terrible enough now — but anyway you had better take care. "Desperate"! That's me all over, you know. Take good care of yourself, previous.

Everlasting but a little worried,
Frances.